



CAPTAIN OCTOBER

AERO COMICS

PDC



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



MEN! Sensational New NECKTIE GLOWS in the Dark!

BY DAY
A Wonderful
Necktie



BY NIGHT
the most unique
effect you have
ever seen.



ONLY 98¢

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory Necktie (also called Blackout) will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's . . . — "V" for Victory, in striking red and white on rich dark blue background. And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

Creates a Sensation
Wherever you go

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code . . . — "V!" It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, that makes it the most unusual, strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection—in blackouts, or dimmouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now through this astounding but limited introductory offer you, too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.



YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF
SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON . . . TEST AT OUR RISK

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98c. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98c plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way, all you need do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE COMPANY

207 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 240

Chicago 1, Illinois

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98c plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$2.79 check here

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Captain

AERO



"KING of the
SKY TRAILS"

by CHARLES M.
QUINLAN



MID-NIGHT
AT A REMOTE
CHINESE-AMERICAN
AIRBASE... MYSTERIOUS
FIGURES LURKING IN THE
SHADOWS OF THE SURROUND-
ING JUNGLE! A SCREAM,
SHOTS IN THE NIGHT, AND A
DIABOLICAL PLOT UNFOLDS!
—THIS IS THE SETTING FOR
CAPTAIN AERO'S MEETING
WITH
*"The KILLERS
in KUNAI"*



BUT, MOST HONORABLE COMMANDER,
WE SENT OUR BEST PILOTS AGAINST
HIM AND I AM SURE I NEED NOT
REFRESH YOUR MEMORY OF THE
OUTCOME!

'TIS UNFORTUNATELY TRUE!
IN AIR HE IS INVINCIBLE,
SO WE MUST USE ANOTHER WAY! - WHERE FAIL-
URE IS DEFINITELY IMPOSSIBLE!

TWO WEEKS LATER AT A CHINESE-AMERICAN
AIR BASE, A LITTLE AFTER MID-NIGHT!

A MEMBER OF THE
GUARD PATROLS HIS
LONELY POST!

SUDDENLY!!

HALT!
WHO'S
THERE?



ALL RIGHT, JENKINS, PIPE
DOWN! WHAT'S EATING
YOU?

IN THE BRUSH
THERE, I SEEN
IT! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT---
BUT I SEEN
IT!

HE-HE-HE- IT IS TWO WEEKS SINCE OUR
PLAN TO KILL CAPTAIN AERO GOT UNDER
WAY! NO DOUBT OUR ENVOYS HAVE ALREADY
PENETRATED THE STRONGHOLD OF
THE STUPID AMERICANS! HE,HE,HE!





ON THE MASTER PLIER STRAPS ON HIS GUNS AND DASHES TOWARD THE DOOR, CHOP SUEY, HIS LITTLE CHINESE PAL WHO IS AWAKENED BY THE SHOTS, QUICKLY LEAPS OUT OF BED!



HURRYING TO THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING THEY ARRIVE A COUPLE OF MINUTES AFTER THE CORPORAL AND HIS COMPANION.

WHAT'S UP, BOYS?

IT'S CAPTAIN AERO/TEN SHUN

AT EASE, MEN, NOW WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING FOR?

WELL AS NEAR AS I CAN FIGURE IT OUT, SIR, THE WHOLE GUARD DETAIL IS SEEIN' THINGS!

YEH, WELL I'M TELLIN' YUH CORP'L, I SEEN IT AND I HIT IT WHEN I FIRED!

WELL IF YOU DID HIT WHAT YOU SHOT AT IT'S STILL HERE! WHERE DID IT FALL?

RIGHT THERE, SIR! IT DROPPED RIGHT IN IT'S TRACKS!

SEE, SIR.
-HE INSISTS ON IT!

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING HERE NOW!

I KNOW IT, SIR, GOSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, BUT I'M POSITIVE I HIT IT! I COULDN'T MISS!

YEH, AND JENKINS OVER ON POST 6 COULDN'T MISS SEEIN' WHAT HE SAW EITHER! -SO YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT AND I'M NUTS!

LET'S GO, CHOP SUEY BEFORE WE START SEEING THINGS TOO!

AS THEY HEAD BACK TO THEIR QUARTERS, CAPT AERO SUDDENLY GRABS CHOP SUEY AND PULLS HIM INTO THE SHADOWS OF A WAREHOUSE!

HEY WHAT!

SHH-H-H!

CHOP, OLD MAN, THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE! -WE'RE GOING TO SNEAK OUR WAY PAST THE GUARDS AND SEE FOR OURSELVES WHAT'S GOING ON!

OH YES WE DO, BECAUSE I DON'T WANT THE GUARDS TO SUSPECT THAT I THINK ANYTHING'S WRONG!

CAUTIOUSLY THE GREAT FLYER AND HIS LITTLE ALLY SLITHER THROUGH THE DEEP KUNAI GRASS INTO THE FORBIDDEN JUNGLE!

BUT YOU IS OFFICER, WE DON'T GOT TO SNEAK OUT OF CAMP!

GULP!



WELL HIDDEN, THEY SILENTLY WATCH FOR ABOUT A HALF HOUR, THEN SUDDENLY CHOP PLACES A TREMBLING HAND ON THE SLEEVE OF CAPTAIN AERO!

NOT THIRTY FEET AWAY, A MASSIVE AND TERRIFYING FORM IS PLAINLY SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WANING MOON!

Aero instantly leaps to his feet and fires!

OVER THERE -L-L-LOOK!!!



AS THE STRANGE APPARITION FALLS, CHOP GIVES OUT WITH A TERRIFIED SHRIEK!

AS THE DEEP GRASS BECOMES ALIVE WITH AT LEAST A DOZEN MORE OF THE FEARSOME CREATURES!

YEIII!

RUN CHOP, RUN!!



FRIGHTENED ALMOST OUT OF HIS WITS, THE LITTLE CHINESE RACES WILDLY AWAY!



IN HIS TERRIFIED DASH TOWARD THE CAMP, HE YELLS AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS!



TURNING IN HIS FLIGHT TO SEE HOW AERO IS MAKING OUT, HIS HEART ALMOST POPS OUT OF HIS MOUTH!



FOR ONE OF THE MONSTERS HAS ELUDED AERO'S DEADLY FUSILLADE AND IS ALMOST UPON HIM!



BUT THE CORPORAL OF THE GUARD RUSHING TO INVESTIGATE THE SHOOTING SEES CHOP SUEY'S PLIGHT AND...



Then as the beleaguered Master Flyer fires his last shot and starts slugging, the guard arrives and with flashing bayonets join in the fray!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE VANQUISHED MONSTERS ARE CAREFULLY EXAMINED!

HOLY MACKERAL!
-GET A LOAD
OF THIS!

JAPS!



WHAT WON'T THEY
THINK OF NEXT!

KUNAI GRASS WEAVED INTO
CANVAS SUITS, NO WONDER
WE COULDN'T FIND
THEM! BUT WHY DID
THEY GO TO ALL THIS
TROUBLE?



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE
WE'VE GOT SOMEONE OR
SOMETHING HERE THAT'S
ANNOYING THEM
PLENTY!

COULD BE,
CORPORAL -
MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT, BUT
WHO?



YOU, SIR,
AND THAT
TRICK PLANE
OF YOURS!

ME?

HE RIGHT, CAPT.
AERO, ME HEAR
JAPS SAY MANY
TIMES "NO CAN
WIN WAR UNLESS
KILL YOU AND
DESTROY
DEVIL PLANE!"



THAT'S IT! MY PLANE! C'MON!
-ONE OF THEM MAY HAVE
SLIPPED PAST THE GUARDS
ALREADY!

FEAR FOR THE SAFETY OF HIS GREAT MYSTERY PLANE
LEADS WINGS TO AERO'S FEET AND HE QUICKLY OUT-
DISTANCES HIS COMPANIONS IN A MAD DASH TO
THE HANGARS!

LET'S GO,
MEN!



HURRIEDLY UNLOCKING THE DOOR
HE BOUNDS INSIDE AND SWITCHES
ON THE LIGHT!

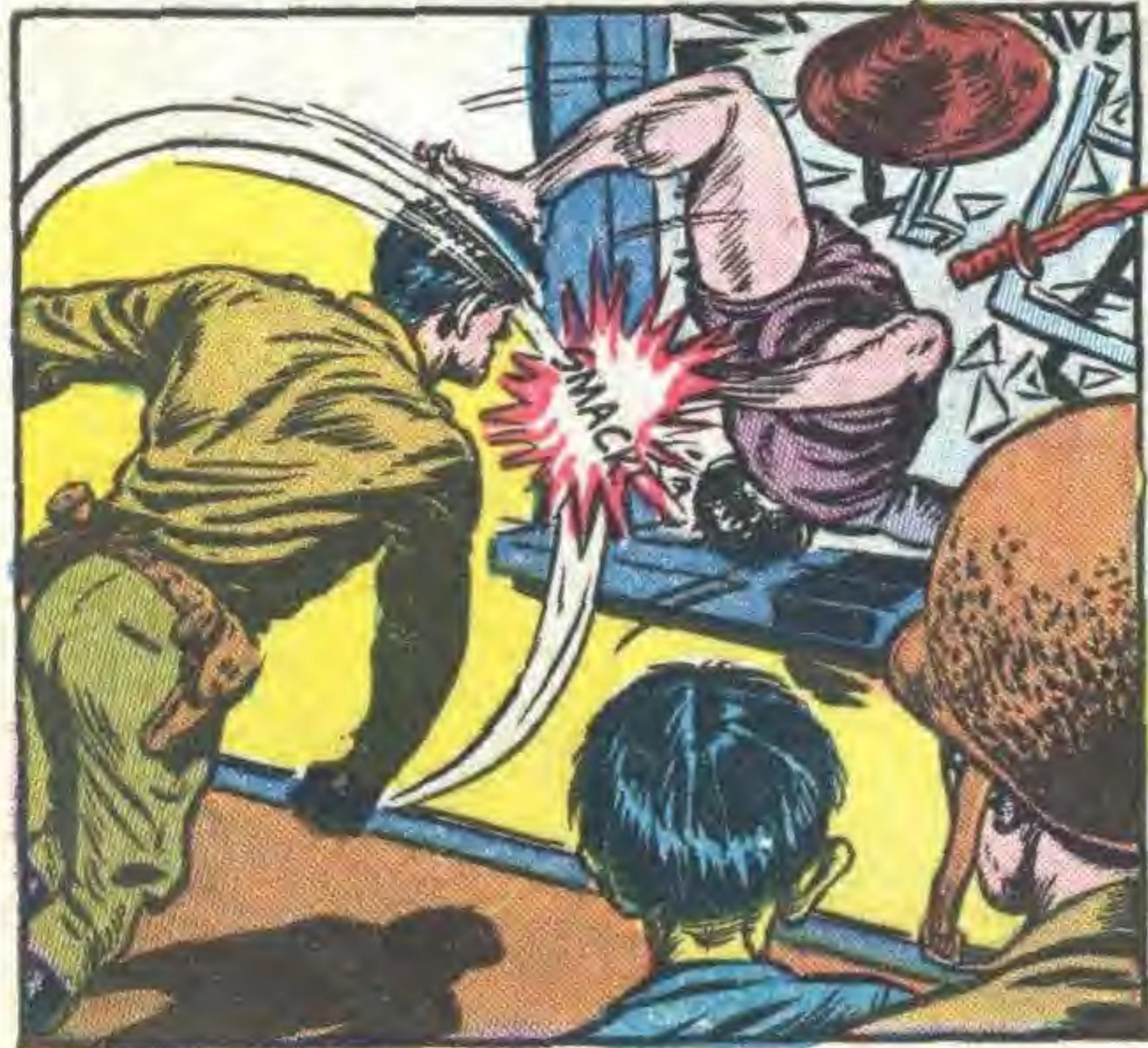
THANK HEAVEN
-NOBODY HERE



BUT I BETTER TAKE
A LOOK AROUND
ANYHOW!



LOOK OUT,
CAPTAIN
AERO!



A HALF HOUR LATER, EVERYTHING IS UNDER
CONTROL AND ALL IS QUIET AGAIN!

YOU KNOW, CHOP, FOR A LONG TIME I
THOUGHT WE AIRMEN, WERE THE BEST
OF THE LOT! BUT, GOSH, AFTER THIS
NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE MY HAT
COMES OFF TO THOSE
GUYS OF OURS WHO HAVE
TO SLUG IT OUT IN THE
JUNGLES! FOR MY
MONEY THEY'RE
THE CREAM OF THE
CROP!

AND
HOW!

8
IN THE NEXT CAPT. AERO COMICS, THE
GREAT MASTER FLYER AGAIN TAKES TO THE
AIR IN ANOTHER THRILLING BATTLE FOR
SUPREMACY OF THE SKIES WHEN HE
ENCOUNTERS THE JAPANESE SANDMAN!



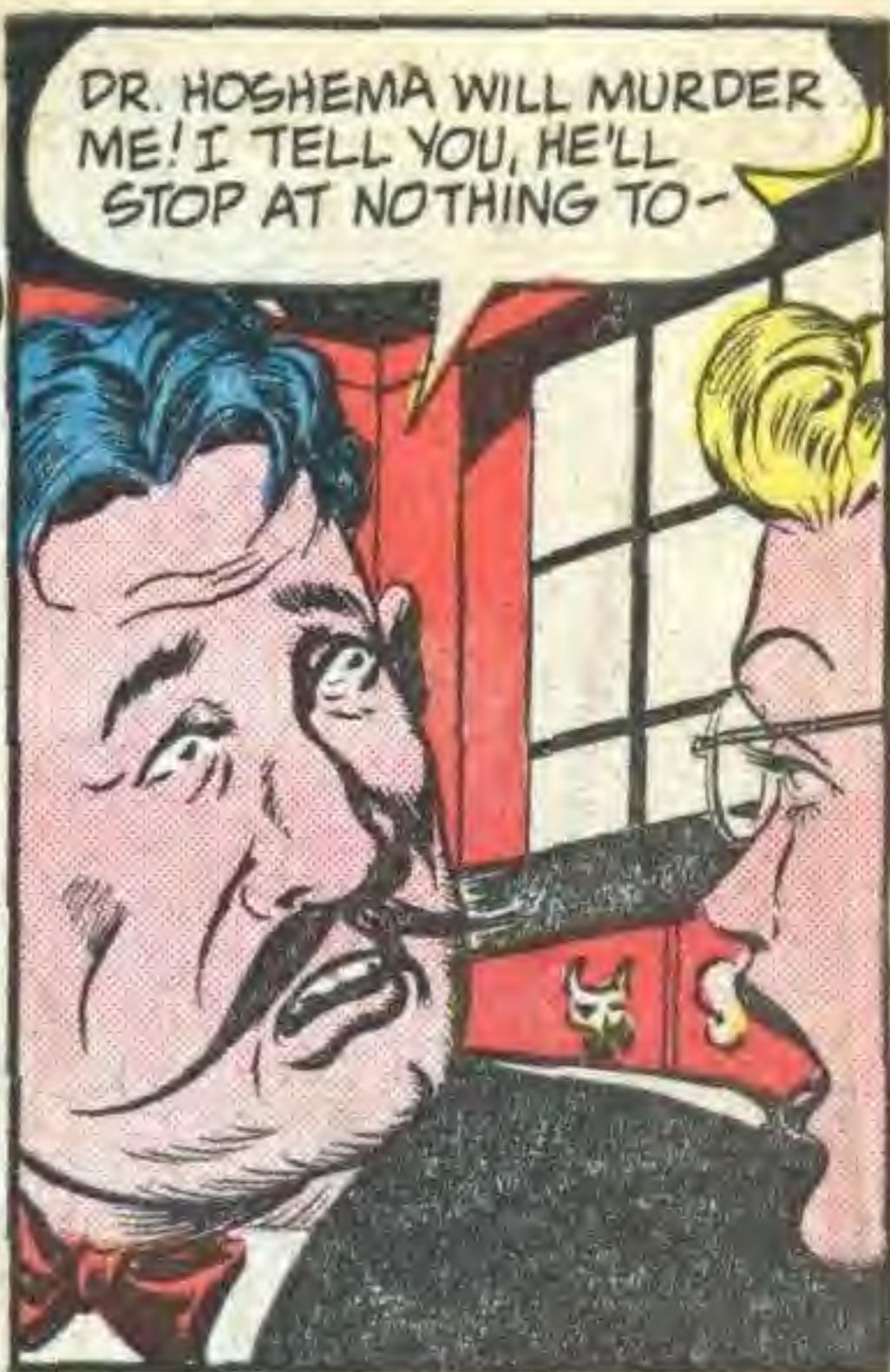
THEY'RE AFTER ME!
I MUST FIND HELP!

THE ANSWER TO A
MAIDEN'S PRAYER!
-I SMELL TROUBLE!

BETTER STOP TO CATCH
YOUR BREATH! WHAT ARE
YOU RUNNING FROM
ANYWAY?

LET ME GO, PLEASE!

DR. HOSHIMA WILL MURDER
ME! I TELL YOU, HE'LL
STOP AT NOTHING TO-



The sentence is never completed—for a single sharp sound marks a deadly punctuation!

A SHOT!

OHH!

JOAN WAYNE TAKES COVER A MOMENT LATER...

I SAW THOSE MEN AT THE DOOR! WHEN THEY THINK I'VE GONE, THEY'LL COME IN!



...AND THEY'LL FIND
MISS VICTORY
WAITING!

LOOK
OUT!

GET UNDER THERE! MAYBE YOU CAN
HATCH ANOTHER REPTILE!

SHE WILL RUIN
EVERYTHING!
KILL HER!!





I KNOW THE MAN WHO CAN
INTERPRET THIS MESSAGE!
- THE FOREMOST ITALIAN
SCHOLAR --- SIGNOR
GRANDI!



LATER, IN SIGNOR GRANDI'S
HOME!

THIS IS A REMARKABLE
DOCUMENT! UNDOUBTEDLY IN
THE HANDWRITING OF LEON-
ARDO DA VINCI... BUT PART OF
THE
PAPER
IS MISSING!

A MAN WAS
MURDERED BECAUSE
OF IT! WHAT DOES
IT SAY?



IT IS A CHEMICAL FORMULA!
- I CANNOT TELL YOU MORE
THAN THAT! THE COMPLETE
FORMULA WILL NEVER BE
KNOWN UNTIL THE MISSING
HALF OF THE PAPER IS
FOUND!

IN THAT CASE, DR.
HOSHIMA KILLED FOR
NO PURPOSE! HE RISK-
ED EVERYTHING
FOR A USELESS
SCRAP OF
PAPER!



A COLD, SARDONIC VOICE
INTERRUPTS!

NOT QUITE, DEAR LADY! YOU SEE
I HAVE THE OTHER HALF
OF THE PAPER!

DESTROY THE
FORMULA,
SEÑOR
GRANDI,
QUICKLY!



THAT WAS BAD ADVICE!
- I WANT THAT FORMULA!

OH!



YOU DEVIL! YOU'LL
PAY FOR THAT
MURDER!

AND HERE'S THE
FIRST PAYMENT!



LIKE A TIGRESS, MISS VICTORY TEARS INTO DR. HOSHIMA'S EVIL HENCHMEN-

YOU'RE TAKING A TRIP AND THIS KIND OF TRAVEL WON'T BROADEN YOU!



IT'LL FLATTEN YOU!



SPEAKING OF TRAVEL, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED A VACATION!

GLUG!



IN DREAMLAND!



AS MISS VICTORY'S BACK IS TURNED, DR. HOSHIMA'S HANDS CLAW AT A HEAVY ORNAMENTAL VASE!



HA! HA! NO ONE CAN DEFEAT DR. HOSHIMA!



UNCONSCIOUS, MISS VICTORY, IS SWIFTLY TRANSPORTED TO DR. HOSHIMA'S SECRET LABORATORY WHERE LEONARDO DA VINCI'S CHEMICAL FORMULA IS TO BE TESTED...

WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL ME TOO?

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO EASY! FIRST YOU SHALL LIVE TO KNOW THE FULL EXTENT OF MY TRIUMPH!



ALL THE WORLD KNOWS DA VINCI'S INVENTING GENIUS! BUT HERE IS THE GREATEST OF HIS INVENTIONS! IT WILL WIN THE WAR FOR JAPAN!

THE INGREDIENTS ARE SIMPLE! A DASH OF GLYCERINE AND NITRIC ACID! SOON IT WILL BE COMPLETE!

THOSE INGREDIENTS! NOW I KNOW WHAT DA VINCI'S FORMULA IS! IF I CAN ONLY TIP THIS CHAIR BACK FAR ENOUGH...



FURTHER AND FURTHER MISS VICTORY WORKS HER CHAIR BACKWARD UNTIL IT TOPPLES TO THE FLOOR!

I MAY BE ABLE TO SET OFF THE NITROGLYCERINE!



A SINGLE SMOKE GRIMED FIGURE RISES SHAKILY FROM THE RUINS OF THE LABORATORY!

THAT'S THE END OF DR. HOSHIMA! OLD DA VINCI WAS WAY AHEAD OF HIS TIME WHEN IT CAME TO MAKING EXPLOSIONS!



BUT DR. HOSHIMA FORGOT ONE IMPORTANT FACT ABOUT DA VINCI'S INVENTIONS! EVENTUALLY THE WORLD CAUGHT UP WITH THEM! THE SAME WAS TRUE OF HIS LAST AND GREATEST INVENTION... IT WAS PURE NITROGLYCERIN! - AND IT DESTROYED THE FIRST MAN WHO FOUND IT!



ANOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE STARRING MISS VICTORY APPEARS IN THE NEXT THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF CAPT. AERO COMICS!!

MEET THE MODERN MASTER OF MEDICAL ARTS--

The RED CROSS

THE HERO OF THIS STORY IS NOT A FICTIONAL CHARACTER! THE RED CROSS IS BASED ON THE ACTUAL HEROES OF TOIL AND SACRIFICE--THE VALIANT MEN AND WOMEN WHOSE LIVES ARE DEVOTED TO REPAIRING THE FRIGHTFUL RAVAGES OF WAR! BUT FIRST THE AGGRESSORS WHO CAUSE WAR MUST BE STAMPED OUT! AND THAT IS WHY RED CROSS IS FOUND IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHTING TO CARRY OUR BATTLE STANDARDS TO VICTORY---



INTO THE WALLED-CITY OF YENG-TU, THE VICTORIOUS JAPANESE TROOPS ENTER---

SEARCH THE RUINS! KEEP THE UNARMED AS PRISONERS! LEAVE THE WOUNDED TO DIE!



WATER! IN THE NAME OF BUDDHA, GRANT ME WATER!

A WOUNDED ENEMY!



ONLY THOSE FIT TO WORK FOR US ARE FIT TO LIVE! THAT IS MY ORDER!

IT SHALL BE SO, SIR!



I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO DEAL WITH THESE DOGS!

AAGHH!



A SHORT TIME LATER, HOSPITAL TRUCKS MOVE IN A SLOW PROCESSION TOWARD THE WALLED CITY---



MEANWHILE A JAP COMMANDER LOOKS THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS ---

THEY ARE RED CROSS TRUCKS! THEY MUST BE ALLOWED TO ENTER!

YES! THEY SHALL ENTER! BUT WHO CAN SAY WHETHER THEY WILL DEPART?



INSIDE THE WALLED CITY, RED CROSS REPORTS TO THE JAP COMMANDER....

WE HAVE COME BENEATH A FLAG OF TRUCE! WE REQUEST PERMISSION TO REMOVE THE WOUNDED FOR TREATMENT!

SO? AND DOUBTLESS YOU HAVE THE NECESSARY SUPPLIES?

OF COURSE! THOSE TRUCKS ARE STOCKED WITH---- WHAT THE--?

AH! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME TROUBLE!



SHOOT THE DRIVERS! DO NOT LET THEM ESCAPE!

YOU ORDERED YOUR MEN TO SEIZE THE TRUCKS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

GUARDS!

YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN GUARDS TO STOP ME!



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU JAPS WOULDN'T RESPECT A FLAG OF TRUCE!

Ooooff!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL BE COMING BACK!

HE IS A MADMAN! NOTHING STOPS HIM!





A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE WALLED CITY OF YENG-TU---

I CAN UNDERSTAND SENDING THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS INTO THE CITY CONCEALED IN BARGES! BUT WHAT ARE WE DOING WITH FLYING KITES?

THESE SACKS OF GUNPOWDER ATTACHED TO THE TAILS OF THE KITES WILL PROVIDE THE DIVERSION OUR MEN NEED!



THE KITES CARRY THEIR DEADLY CARGO INSIDE THE CITY WALLS, WHERE THE GUNPOWDER IS IGNITED BY FLAMING ARROWS.

NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! THIS IS AN AIR RAID WITHOUT PLANES!



INSIDE THE WALLED CITY----

SIRE! COME QUICKLY! ENEMY SOLDIERS ARE POURING OUT OF BARGES ON THE RIVER!

WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED!



SEND EVERY MAN TO THE RIVER! WE WILL TEACH THEM A LESSON THEY WILL NOT FORGET SO SOON!

YES SIR!



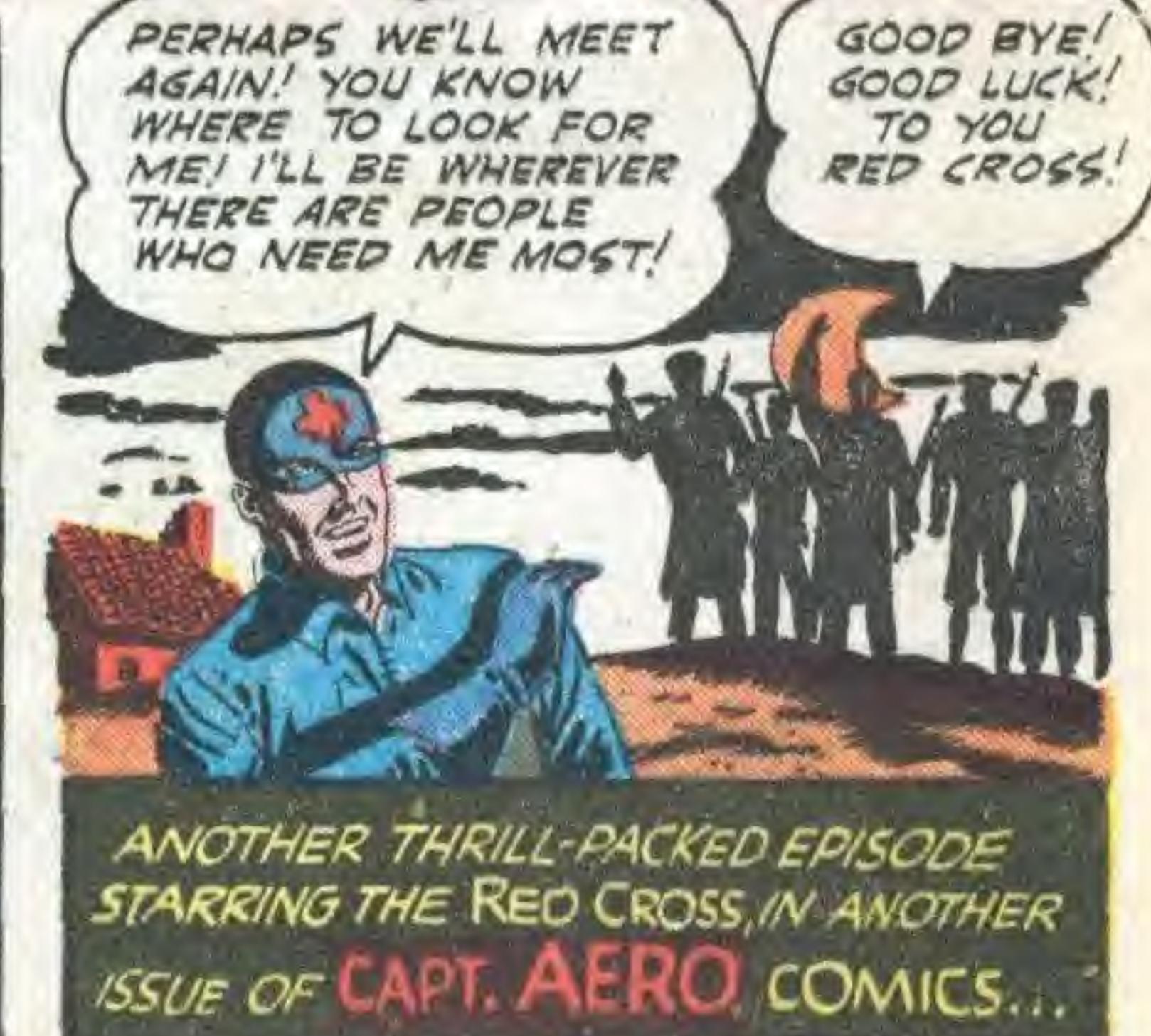
SOON A VIOLENT BATTLE RAGES BY THE CITY ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER---



THEN RED CROSS GIVES THE ORDER FOR A DIRECT FRONTAL ATTACK ON THE UNDEFENDED CITY WALLS---

FORWARD! WE'LL TRAP THEM BETWEEN TWO FIRES!





BURMA Roadsters!

IN MARCH, 1942, JAPAN TOOK THE FAMOUS BURMA ROAD—AND CHINA WAS CUT OFF FROM THE ALLIES! BUT JUST ONE MONTH LATER AT AN ALLIED BASE IN INDIA!

AND CHINA MUST HAVE THE MILITARY SUPPLIES OR SHE CANNOT...

BUT WITH THE BURMA ROAD CUT OFF AND IN JAPAN'S HANDS, HOW CAN...?

I'LL TELL YOU! WE'LL BUILD A NEW ROAD! —A SKY LINE!

YOU MEAN—RUN AN AIRLINE OVER THE HIMALAYAS?

EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN! —AND I PROPOSE WE START ON THE PROJECT AT ONCE!

INDIA IS STILL IN ALLIED HANDS... OUR BASE OF SUPPLIES COULD BE THERE! —LOOK HERE!!

WE'D START AS FAR EAST AS POSSIBLE—UP IN ASSAM PROVINCE. THAT'S 500 MILES—ONLY A FEW HOURS FROM KUNMING!

And THAT'S HOW THE INDIA-CHINA AIRLINE BEGAN! HIGH OVER CLOUD-PIERCING PEAKS THE NEW BURMA ROAD HURTLED THROUGH THE SKY!



DESPITE THE GREAT DANGERS, THE NEW FREIGHT LINE WAS AN INSTANT SUCCESS! -BETTER PLANES AND MORE PILOTS WERE SECURED! IT CHANGED IT'S NAME TO - THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND. THESE ARE THE FLYING BOXCARS! THEN DURING THE WINTER OF 1943



LATER, THE WINDS ROSE TO A GALE AND...

I'M FLYING ON INSTRUMENTS NOW!
-CAN'T SEE A THING!
BETTER CONTACT BASE,
CPL. SPENCER!

RIGHT,
SIR!

CALLING A.T.C.
BASE! CPL. SPENCER
CALLING A.T.C. BASE!
- COME IN! COME IN!!

THEY DON'T ANSWER, HUH?
-I'LL GO TELL THE SKIPPER!

MEANWHILE...

CO-PILOT,
-WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE,
SIR!

I KNOW IT,
MAC! WELL, IN THIS STORM I
THINK I'LL ALLOW 10 DEGREES
FOR WIND DRIFT FROM THE SOUTH!

OUR VERY LIVES DEPEND
ON THESE GADGETS! GREAT
THINGS! LET'S DO SOME
RECKONING, RIGHT,
OFFICER McCULLUM!

RIGHT,
SIR!

CORPORAL SPENCER, SIR!
-HE SAYS HE CAN'T CONTACT BASE!

A LITTLE LATER...

WELL, FELLOWS, MAC AND I CALCULATE WE'RE 60 MILES EAST OF LHASA! OUR GAS IS LOW AND THIS STORM -- IT LOOKS TOUGH!

A.T.C. BASE - A.T.C.
BASE - COME IN, PLEASE!
COME IN!

WONDER WHAT THE SKIPPER'LL DO?

NO USE, FELLOWS,
-I CAN'T CONTACT THEM!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



Skipper,
here I am!

Boy, what luck!
There's a road
HEY MAC! MA-A-AC
HA-ALL-OOO!!

Okay, Skipper!
Here I come!
Hey, Spence...
SPEN-CER!!

They must be
over here! I
called but
no answer!

Hey,
Perram!
- Huffman!

Hope we
find 'em!
- can't be
far away!

We can't wait
for them! We'd
freeze to
death! It's way
below zero
now!

Let's follow
this road! We
should hit a
village of
some sort!

Looks
like we're
miles from
nowhere!

And many hours later...

WE'RE LUCKY!
THERE'S FOOD
SHELTER AND
HELP!

I HOPE!
I HOPE!

SAY, MISTER,
WHAT VILLAGE
IS THIS?

NO USE,
SKIPPER! HE
DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND
ENGLISH!

HELLO,
FRIENDS!
I SPEAK
A LITTLE
ENGLISH!

THIS IS TSETANG
IN THE FORBIDDEN
LAND OF TIBET!
- I GREET YOU!

THANKS, HOLY
MAN! WE ARE
FLIERS AND
CARRY HELP TO
CHINA / THE
STORM..

NOW I MYSELF
SHALL LEAD YOU TO
LHASA! FOREIGN MINISTER
RANGANG IS THERE! HE
WILL FURNISH GUIDES AND
HORSES TO TAKE
YOU HOME!

TWO DAYS LATER, CORPORAL HUFFMAN
FOUND THE VILLAGE ALSO. THEN LATE
THE SAME DAY, BILL PERRAM, THE
ENGINEER WAS BROUGHT IN. HE HAD
BRUISED HIS LEG - THE ONLY CASUALTY.
THE NATIVES TREATED THE FLIERS
ROYALLY AND GAVE THEM WARM
CLOTHES, THEN...

ON THE TRAIL...

THE GUIDE SAYS
WE WILL HIT
THE BASE IN
A MONTH IF
WE CAN
KEEP UP
THIS SPEED!

BRR... AND
I USED TO
THINK IT
WAS COLD
BACK HOME
IN QUINCY
MASS.
- BUT I
WAS WRONG.

LHASA TO
ASSAM? HOLY
COW, THAT'S
A TWO MONTH
TRIP!

BUT WE'LL
MAKE IT
IN LESS!

I'D RATHER
GET OFF AND
WALK!

STAY THERE!
THE HORSE IS
SURER FOOTED
THAN YOU ARE!

SO 30 DAYS LATER, THAT BAND OF INTREPID
U.S. FLIERS REACHED THEIR BASE PRETTY WELL
USED UP, BUT ANXIOUS TO FLY MORE CARGO
TO CHINA!

SUCH IS THE SPIRIT THAT HAS WON FOR THE MEN
OF THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND IN CHINA
A CITATION FROM
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT!

"EPISODE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC"

A red tropical dawn came in on the heels of a whirling all-night storm, casting an ominous reflection over the tiny Pacific island. Shattered cocoanut trees and limp broken remnants of what had been colored foliage littered the steaming, soaking terrain.

A few sounds filtered over the morning stillness. The "caw-caw" of some distant wild bird in flight, dronings of strange reptiles from the murky swamps, rustling noises in the soaking grass. Overhead, the hot sun was preparing to come through and scorch the earth with its steady, maddening heat.

No human was in sight — that is, at first glance.

But hidden in a clump of tough mango trees, bent with the ferocity of last night's gale, was a strange sight. A Flying Fortress intact, protected by lashings to the trees, sat bolt upright in the midst of all this wild primitive upheaval.

Within the huge ship, five men were eating a warm, nourishing ration breakfast around a regulation stove. One of them glanced through the window on the pilot's side.

"Think we ought to risk it, Lieutenant?" he asked. "It's cleared up and the sun's coming out."

Lieutenant Tom Mitchell, tanned, tall, and twenty-five, shook his head.

"Better that we wait," he answered. "There's no telling when they'll come back to see what happened to us. Their dawn patrols are probably out, anyway."

No sooner had he spoken these words, when they heard the drone of motors. The young lieutenant peered through the opening in the patch of lashed down trees.

"It's them, all right," he announced. "Zero's . . . there's at least six of 'em circling all around here. Keep low—and keep quiet."

The men assumed comfortable positions and waited. The drones would come nearer and nearer, only to disappear and return again louder and louder. One of the men shook his head.

"If they spot us," he said. "It'll be over — but FAST!"

Lieutenant Mitchell smiled. "I don't think so," he said. "From up there, this island must look like a mess. I don't think they've spotted us. They've been up there too long. We would have got strafed long ago. There's more than

one bunch of broken trees around here. I think they believe we've been blown out to sea along with everything else around here."

The Zeros' drones faded away and didn't come back. The lieutenant opened the door of the huge plane and signalled for the others to come out with him.

Dawn was approaching now with a faster tempo. In a few more minutes the blood-hot heat of morning would be on them. They would have to work fast.

"All right, fellows," ordered the young flying officer. "let's go. Let's see if we can get old Fried Egg in circulation again. Unloosen those ropes."

A short time later they had cleared the tropical camouflage surrounding the giant ship. Sergeant Pyle came forward to make his report.

"No damage, Lieutenant," he said, smiling. "You did a swell job in bringing her down. But, getting her up again—" he shook his head slowly.

Mitchell playfully punched him in the shoulder.

"Cut it out, Pyle," he laughed. "What goes down can go up. We've GOT to do it. What shall we do, spend the rest of our lives on this forsaken island when we've got a good ship, plenty of gas and plenty of GUTS? We'll clear a runway, and take off just as if we were back at the base. Come on!!!"

The crew gathered around him as he lit a cigarette, and he called them all by name: "Pyle, Winiaski, Dolan, Bergman, Greenough, Van Horn. Listen, boys, I know this sounds silly but we're going to take a vote on it, anyway. Our chances of getting the Fried Egg off the ground are pretty slim. There's only two things to do. The first is to stay here, shoot a few flares and take the chance of being picked up by someone—Yanks or Nips — or no one. The second," here he paused and inhaled deeply—"the second is to be a credit to the wings we wear, and every last man of us doing our job with all the skill that we ever picked up, and to get this plane up in the air. I'll let you decide which you prefer to do. As for me—I'm going to get this baby in the air even if I have to do it by myself. Think it over, and tell me what you've decided."

Sergeant Bergman stepped forward instantly.

"Lieutenant," he said. "You don't have to ask us anything like that. Whatever you're willing to risk, we are. It's better to be rubbed out in our own ship than to be strafed by the squints, or starve to death in this dump. We're for you one hundred percent!"

There was a tense silence, then everyone burst out in uncontrolled laughter. The seriousness of the young sergeant standing there in nothing but a pair of dirty G.I. shorts, delivering this ovation in the heat of morning, released everyone's pent-up emotion.

They ganged up on their officer, spit on their hands, and scanned the skies.

"What are we waitin' for?" demanded Sergeant Van Horn. "Before we know it, it'll be hot

ter'n Hades here — and those brown monkies might come back and look us up again."

Lieutenant Mitchell smiled. "Good boys," he said briefly. "Now," he continued, "the first thing is to clear some kind of a path for the Fried Egg to toddle along. I hope I haven't forgotten some stunts I learned in the States about getting these crates off terra firma. We've got to go to work — and HOW!"

With knives and axes they cleared all the debris away from the big plane, and Lieutenant Mitchell charted an imaginary line from her belly to the beachhead.

Lieutenant Winiaski, the navigator, scratched his head when they came to the sandy beach.

"I dunno, Tom," he said. "It's a pretty short space for the Fried Egg to take off. And these cocoanut trees — that's BAD. I doubt whether we can clear the tops of 'em...."

His brother officer studied the treetops intently.

"Yes, we can," he said. "I'll show you how when we're ready to get off this sweatbox of an island."

Time flew by too swiftly. Before the men knew it, mid-day was upon them, and the heat was getting unbearable. They had succeeded in clearing a path from the ship to the beachhead. Lieutenant Mitchell went over their work with a fine tooth comb.

"Think she'll take it?" asked Sergeant Greenough. "The Fried Egg ain't exactly a lightweight, you know."

The young officer shrugged. "I've seen worse spots," he answered.

By two o'clock everything was in readiness for the flight. A meal was prepared, and the crew sat around and ate in the blazing heat.

"Boy!" exclaimed Sergeant Van Horn. "ANY PLACE is better than this hole. I've never felt such heat in all my LIFE!"

Soon they were all at their places in the plane. The Fried Egg's four motors came to a sputtering life, then roared sweetly. Lieutenant Mitchell spoke into his phone.

"Those cocoanut trees—" he ordered to belly-gunner Dolan. "Take off the tops of 'em with your .50's. I don't think we'll clear 'em if we don't!"

"Yes, SIR, Lieutenant!"

Staccato blasts filled the early afternoon air, and the trained eyes of Dolan aimed volleys of hot slugs at the motionless treetops. The crew looked on.

As if by magic, several precious feet of space was made available. The tops of the cocoanut trees went careening crazily in all directions as the machine guns chattered their whining screeches of destruction.

The Fried Egg started.

First, she lumbered a little like some giant bird unable to understand why it was locked in such a tight cage. Then she gathered speed and started moving, swiftly and surely towards the beachhead.

The young lieutenant's cheek bones stood out as he grimly held the controls of his ship. His life, the lives of his men, and the responsibility

of this big flying device were now in his hands. The crew was silent. No one said a word.

The Fried Egg went faster and faster, her four motors churning up the hot tropical air. Navigator Winiaski peered straight ahead intently. Gunner Bergman looked out through his post station at the whizzing terrain going by at a terrific clip.

The thought in everyone's mind was, "When is he going to lift her? When?" They saw the trees coming closer and closer, the beachhead nearer and nearer, and the waters of the blue Pacific didn't look particularly inviting. Winiaski glanced at Lieutenant Mitchell, and read in his face the saga of a man who was going to get everything possible out of the ship before he pulled her up into the sky. Then his eyes went back to the trees coming at them with the speed of an express train.

Then the Fried Egg lifted itself off the man-made runway — just a little gingery at first, but definitely. She went higher and higher. Her wheels folded underneath, and the young commanding officer spoke into his 'phone. "Here we go, boys," he said. "Wish me luck!"

There was a tremendous uplift pressure as the Fried Egg literally jumped into the heavens. Borgman closed his eyes. A scraping noise appeared out of nowhere, and disappeared. They were flying! The Fried Egg came through again!

Everyone looked at each other and smiled. This boy Mitchell was slated to be a captain soon. That was certain. His uncanny handling of this big mechanical bird was unheard of in the annals of flying. They'd have plenty to talk about when they got back to their base.

Suddenly, Lieutenant Mitchell grew tense. He literally barked into his 'phone. "Zeros!" he grated. "A whole flock of 'em! Get ready . . . we're going to climb and take care of 'em!"

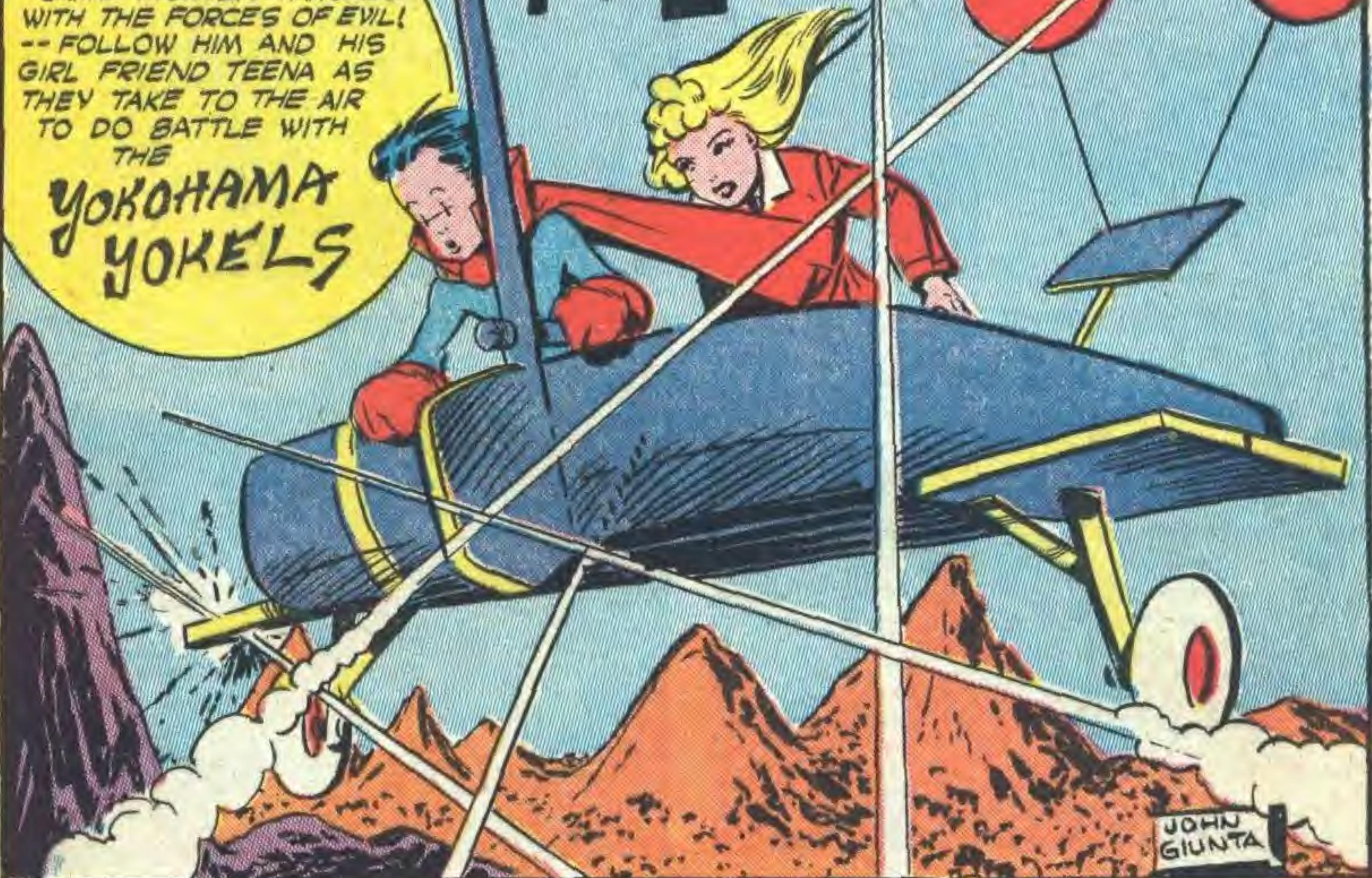
The crew was quickly on the alert. Each man took his place for the coming battle. There was no more fear. There was no show of nervous apprehension because a bomber might not clear some cocoanut tree. There was no worry as before, of being forced down on some lonely forgotten island because of a tropical storm. Instead, there was the prospect of a rattling good fight—to the death perhaps, but wasn't that what they were there for—to battle the enemy, and defeat him?

Lieutenant Tom Mitchell smiled when he saw the Nipponese ships square off for the attack. He felt happy as a matter of fact. This battle would finish the day off beautifully for him and his men. He counted eight Zeros. He knew that they'd get at least six before the other two would scoot away. That was the trouble with the little brown pilots—they never would have sense enough to stay away from the Fried Egg. She was too proud a ship to be shot down by Japs. Her's would be a ripe old age, and a tradition in the bomber squadron. The young officer smiled again as he saw them coming. "Come on, chumps," he said. "Come and get it—and help us shorten this war!"

The MIGHTY MITE

ONCE AGAIN
OUR TINY BUT MIGHTY
CRIME FIGHTER TANGLES
WITH THE FORCES OF EVIL!
-- FOLLOW HIM AND HIS
GIRL FRIEND TEENA AS
THEY TAKE TO THE AIR
TO DO BATTLE WITH
THE
**YOKOHAMA
YOKELS**

JOHN
GIUNTA



OUR STORY
OPENS IN
CLAMM'S
HUGE
DEPARTMENT
STORE AS
TEENA AND
MICKEY
(THE MIGHTY
MITE)
ARE OUT
ON A
SHOPPING
EXPEDITION!

ISN'T THAT
HAND BAG JUST
ADORABLE,
MICKEY?

--UH.. I GUESS
SO -- TEENA!

SUDDENLY -

OH, MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS!
HELP! THE TOY DEPARTMENT HAS
BEEN ROBBED! HELP!
POLICE!





ARE YOU WONDERING IF MIGHTY MITE'S PLANE CAN FLY? IF SO -- TAKE A GANDER AT THE NEXT PICTURE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!



GOSH! IT LOOKS
LIKE A BIG
CLOUD!

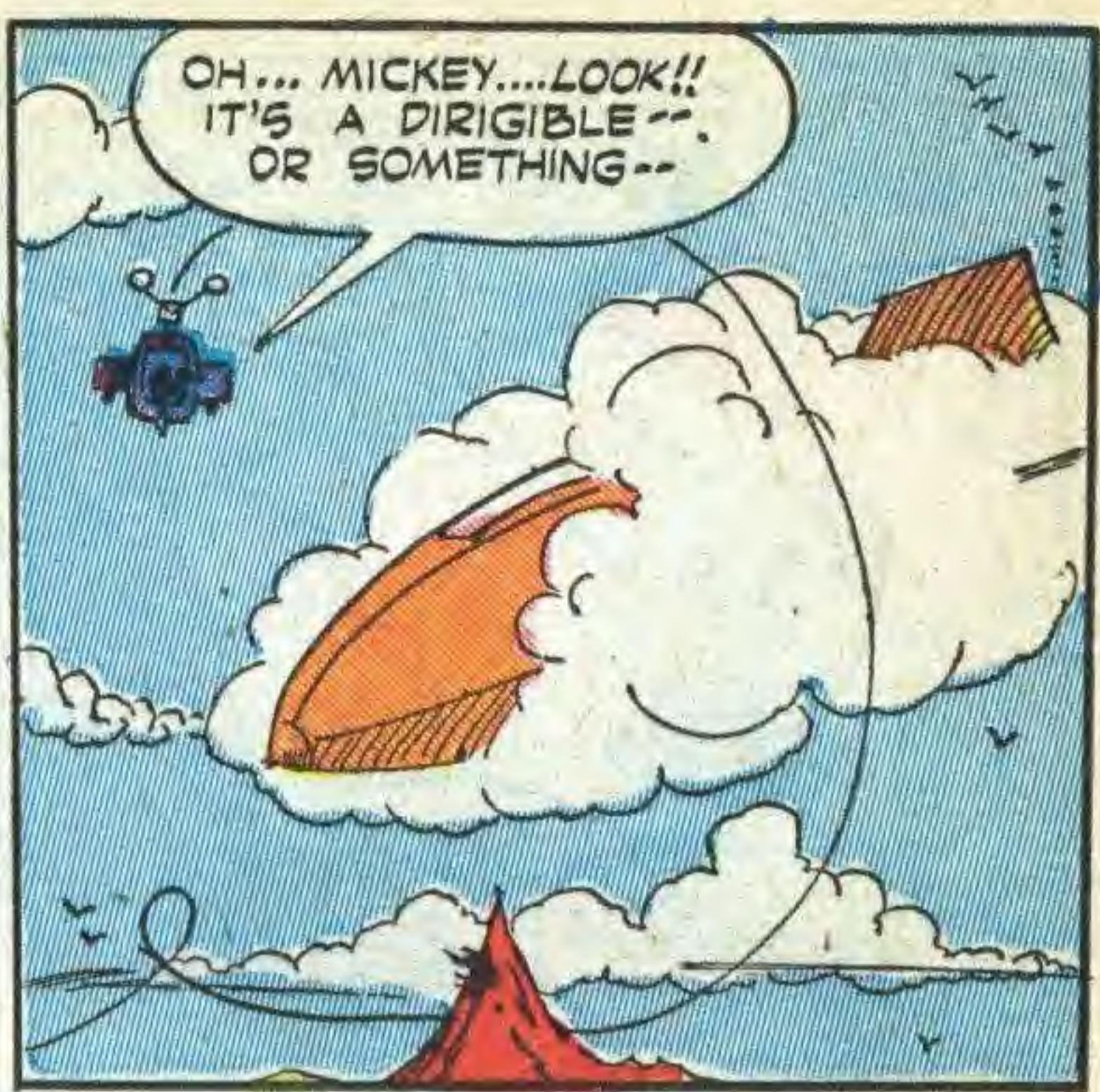
...AND THOSE MEN
ARE TAKING BIG BUN-
DLES FROM THE TRUCK,
AND PUTTING THEM IN
THE CLOUD!

WHY--WHY--THEY'VE
GOT THE TOYS! THEY'RE
THE CROOKS WHO
ROBBED THE STORE!

OOOH...MICKEY!
WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO?

HEY--! THE
CLOUD IS
COMING UP!

--THEY'RE
GETTING
AWAY!!





HONORABLE SHRIMP-- YOU DIE
NOW--- YES!!

NO!!

LAI
HEE



--HEY...! WHAT AM I DOING?
I'M NOT GOING TO RUN AWAY
FROM A YELLOW JAP!!

--BRRP... YOU CAN'T
SCARE ME-- YELLOW
BELLY !

NO! A THOUSAND
TIMES NO! HONORABLE
DOPE!



TAKE THIS BLIMP DOWN--
OR I'LL USE MY YO-YO
AGAIN!

YES-YES-- HONORABLE
MITE! THAT SECRET
WEAPON, YOH-YOH
TOO GOOD-- YES,
ME DO--!

AND SO-- THE NEXT DAY--

TEENA-- DID YOU
SEE TODAY'S
PAPER?

OOOH-- MICKEY
IT'S WONDERFUL!
YOU'RE A HERO!



E DAILY @ BLABBERS :::
MIGHTYMITE CAPTURES
JAP BLIMP AND SPIES!

WHEN JAPS HAD HIJACKED A
TRUCKFUL OF TOYS THEY
INTENDED TO USE TO
TRADE WITH NATIVES
OF THE PACIFIC ISLES--
WHO LOVED TOYS---

THE
MIGHTY
MITE
WOULD BE
GLAD TO
HEAR FROM
HIS
PEN
PALS

WRITE
HIM
IN CARE
OF
CONTI-
NENTAL
MAGAZINES
220 W. 42nd St.,
NEW YORK, 19,
N. Y.

SALUTE TO THE YANKS

THE DOG OF WAR

TO THE THOUSANDS OF
UNSUNG CANINE HEROES
WHO ARE LOYALLY DOING
THEIR PART TO HELP
WIN THE WAR - THIS
STORY IS RESPECTU-
LY DEDICATED -
The Editors

THAT MACHINE
GUN IS MURDEROUS,
PVT. ROWELL...WE
MUST STOP IT!

YES SIR, WE CAN
STOP IT...
CHIPS - ATTACK!
ATTACK!!

G.H. Appel



And there he is—
CHIPS, THE ARMY DOG!
—THE FIRST DOG IN
HISTORY TO RECEIVE
THE DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE CROSS! HE'S
OWNED BY MR. AND
MRS. EDWARD J.
WREN OF
PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y.



And THAT'S THE DOG-OF-WAR! IN 1942, DOGS FOR DEFENSE INC. STARTED THE BALL ROLLING... A GIFT OF 200 DOGS FROM OWNERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY PROVIDED THE U.S. ARMY REMOUNT STATION IN VIRGINIA. IT'S START! - BUT THE MARINES ALSO HAD THEIR DOGS. AND WHEN LANDED ON BOUGAVILLE ISLAND, IN THE SOLOMONS, THE DOGS OF THE DEVIL DOGS JOINED THE ATTACK!



And SO-THE FIRST MARINE DOG PLATOON WENT ASHORE, - AND THEY DID THE MARINES' CREDIT AS THE LANDING PARTY MOVED INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE!

PVT. MAYO - YOU AND CAESAR AND PVT. CASEY WILL TAKE THE ADVANCED SCOUTING DETAIL! - KEEP IN CONSTANT COMMUNICATION WITH HEADQUARTERS!



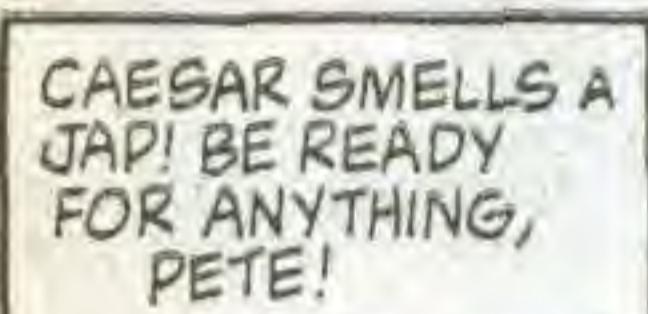
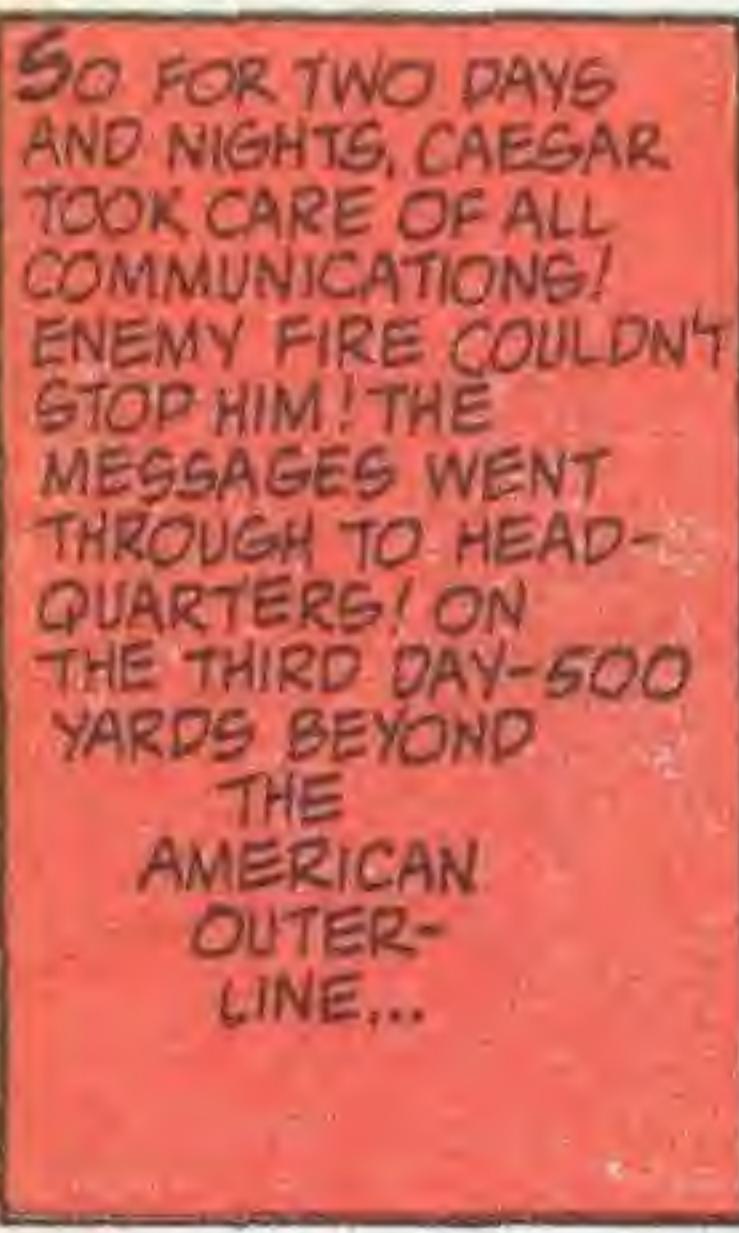
WELL, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN FROM HERE ON! REPORT REGULARLY... GOOD LUCK!

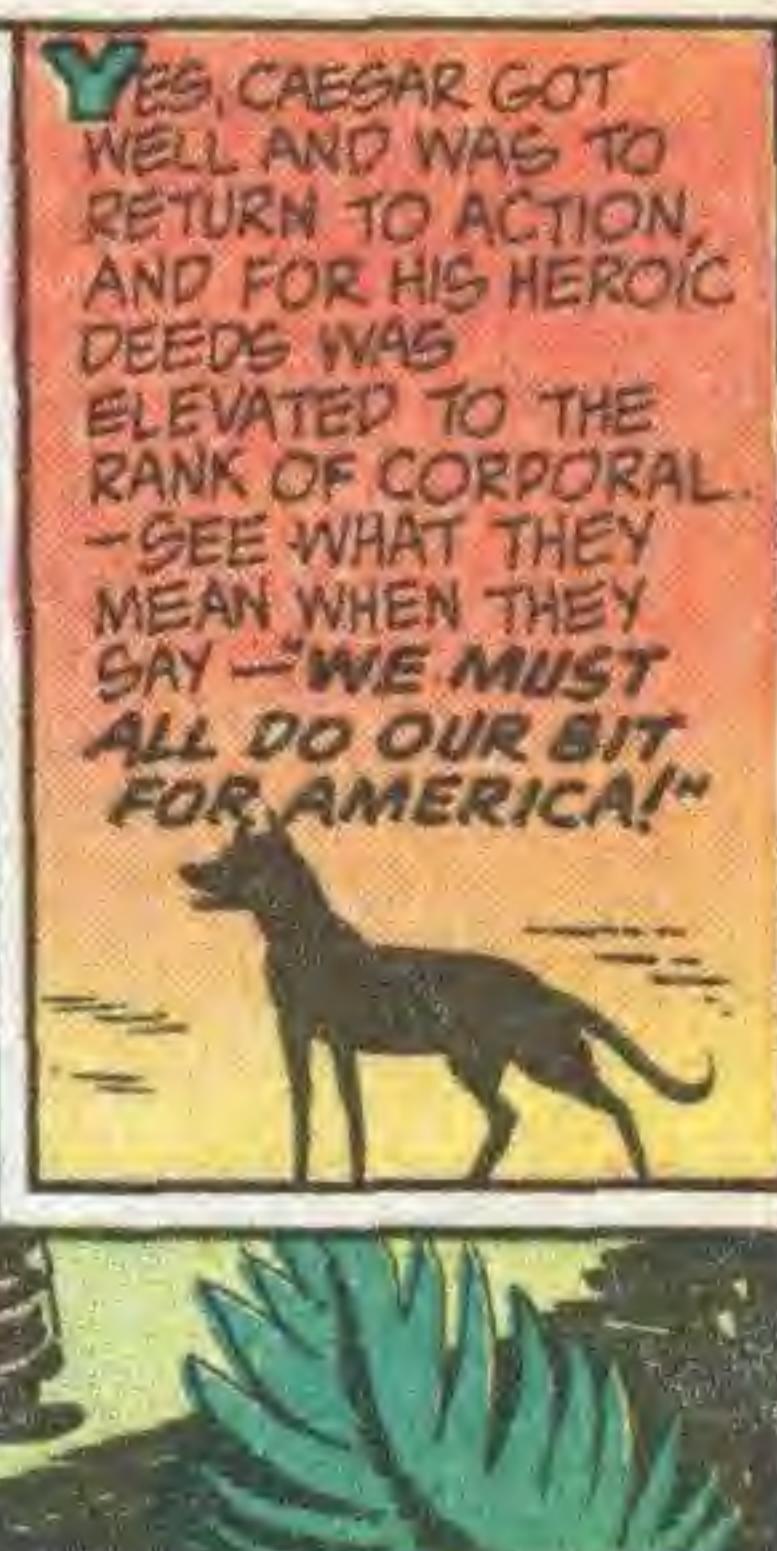
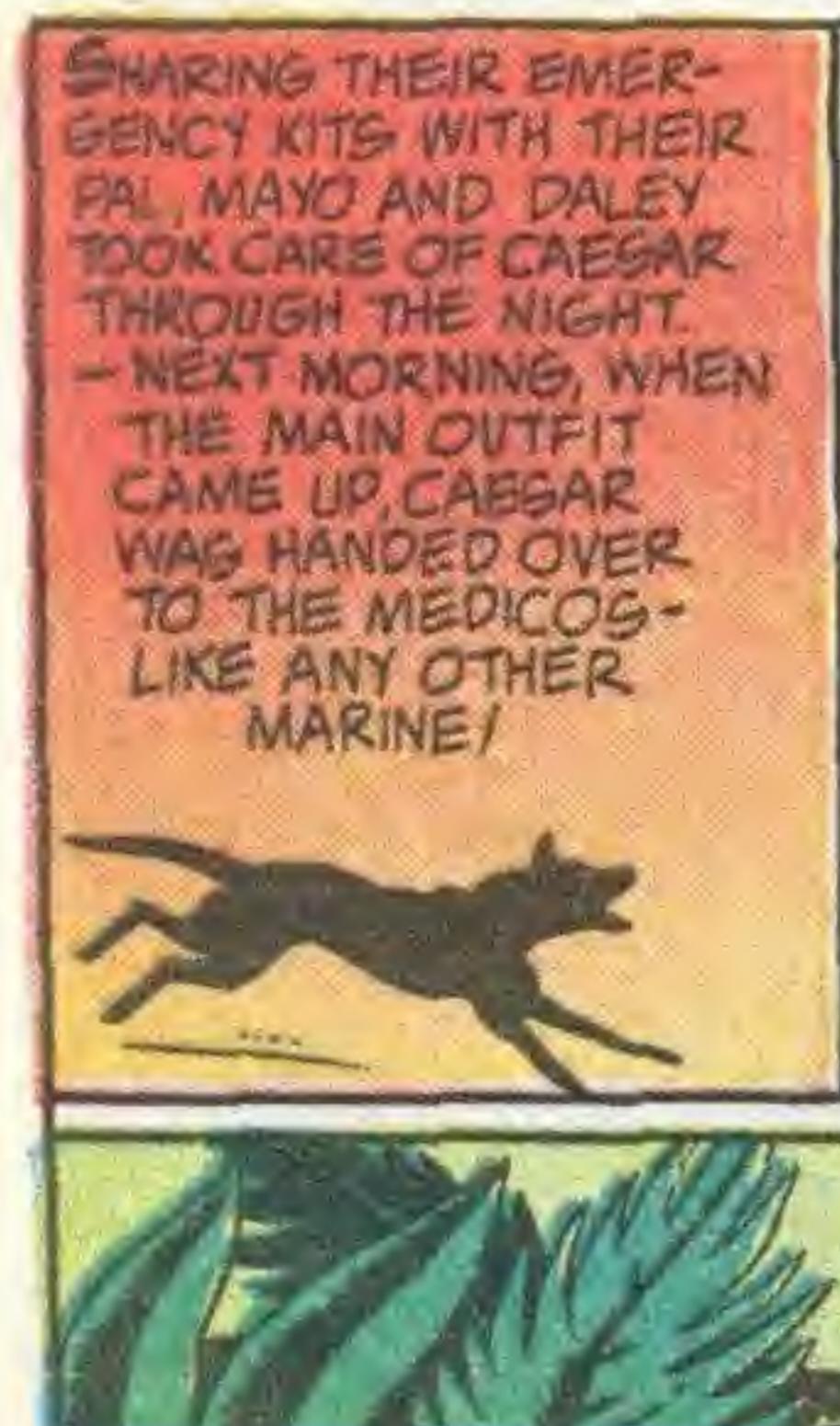
THANK YOU, LIEUTENANT!

DON'T WORRY, SIR - CAESAR WILL BRING THE REPORTS!









FIRST JAP KILLER

THE JAPS ARE RAIDING PEARL HARBOR! WHEELER FIELD IS WRECKED!!

TH-THE JAPS??

TO CAPTAIN KENNETH M. TAYLOR, OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE, GOES THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE FIRST AMERICAN PILOT TO BRING DOWN A JAP ZERO IN THE WAR---
---HERE IS HOW IT ALL HAPPENED---

BY MANNY STULLMAN

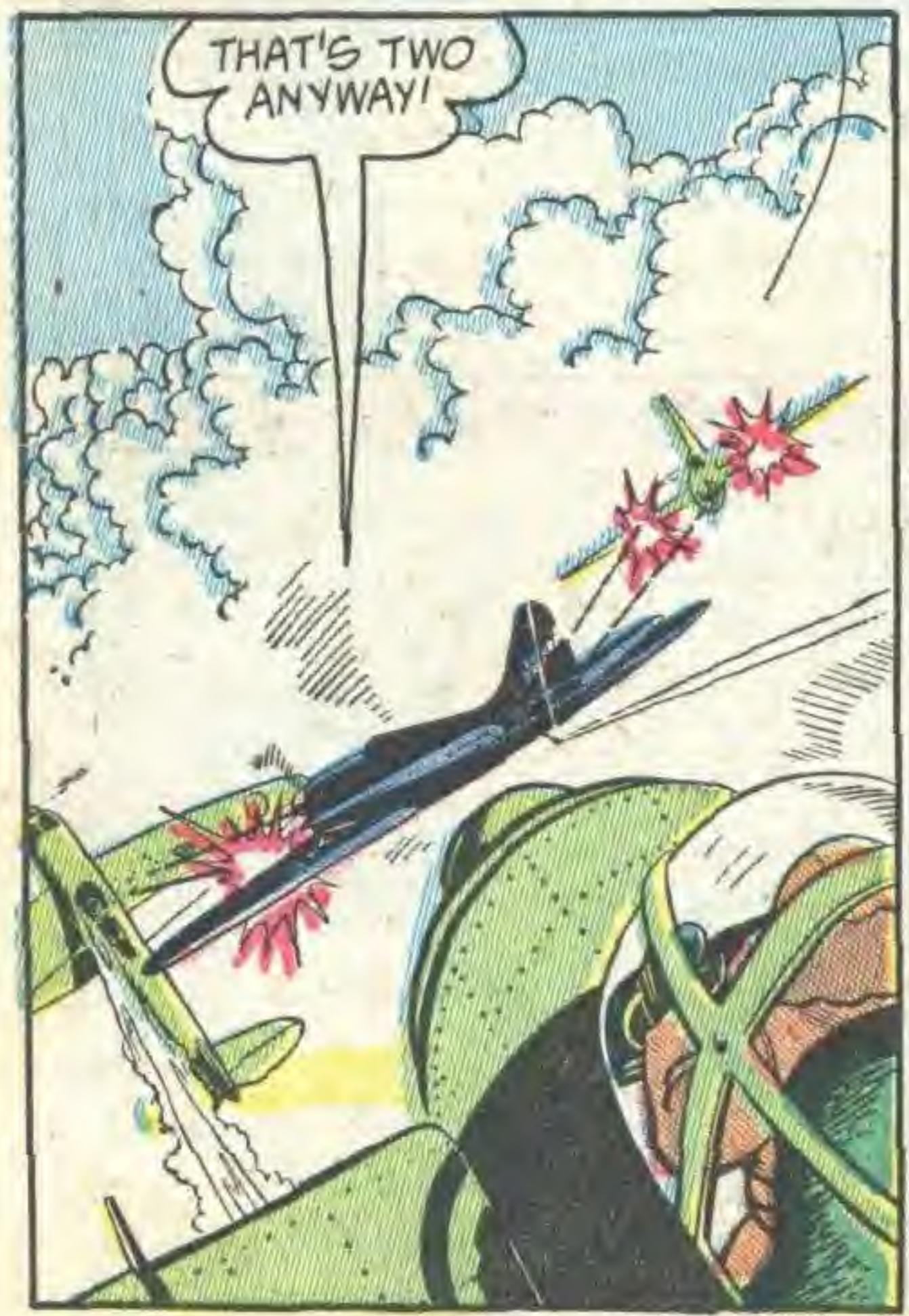
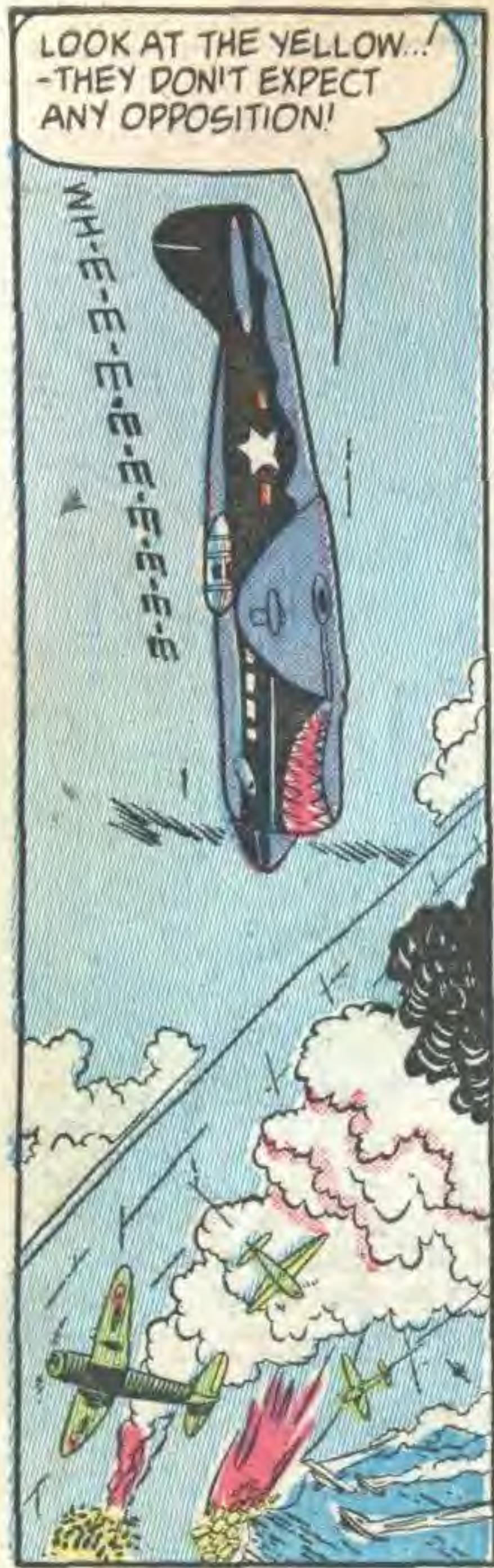
BETTER GET YOUR PLANES OFF THE GROUND PRONTO!

HEY, HERB!
HEY, MARK!
THE JAPS
ARE BOMBING US!

FLYING OVER OAHU, HE SPOTTED THE JAPS... 1000 FEET BELOW!

LOOK AT THAT CITY!
BURNING! THE DIRTY COWARDS!
LET ME GET ONE OF THEM!





Captain Aero's SKY SCOUTS



A STRANGE MAN--THIS JAP PILOT WITH THE FACE OF A DEATH-MASK! FOR DEATH FOLLOWED WHEREVER HE WENT, AND EVEN THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN AERO FAILED TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THIS DEADLY MENACE! ... IT REMAINED FOR THE SKY SCOUTS, CAPTAIN AERO'S FLYING PROTEGES, TO TAKE UP THE TRAIL OF DEATH THAT LED FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC TO OUR OWN SHORES AND PUT AN END TO THE CAREER OF "THE PILOT WHO LOOKED LIKE DEATH!"

CAPTAIN AERO, ON LEAVE FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC, HAS NO MORE EAGER AUDIENCE FOR HIS TALES OF BATTLE THAN THE SKY SCOUTS...

THE BEST PILOT THE NIPS THREW AT US WAS A JAP WHO WORE A DEATH MASK! HE SHOT DOWN SEVERAL OF OUR MEN BEFORE I TANGLED WITH HIM! HE WAS REALLY GOOD!

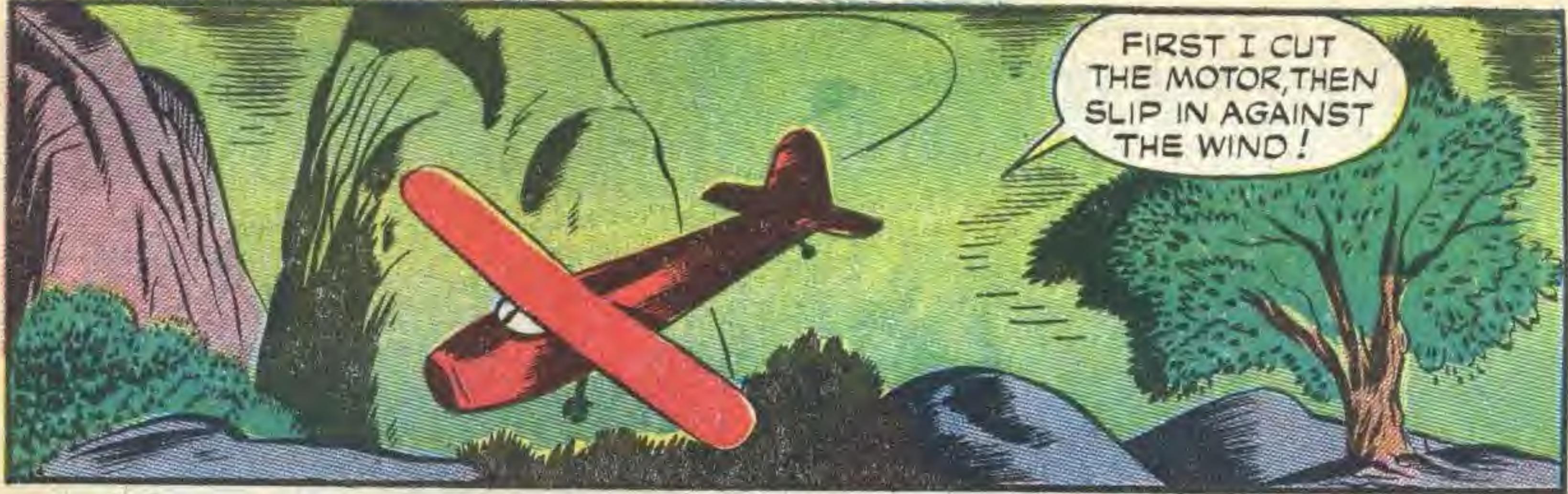
BUT YOU GOT HIM, DIDN'T YOU?



I CAN'T BE SURE! I SAW HIM PLUNGING EASTWARD, BUT I NEVER SAW HIM CRASH! THERE WAS A RUMOR THAT HE HAD BEEN SEEN AGAIN!..THEN HE DISAPPEARED ONCE AND FOR ALL! THEY MAY HAVE TRANSFERRED HIM TO ANOTHER THEATRE OF BATTLE!



FIRST I CUT
THE MOTOR, THEN
SLIP IN AGAINST
THE WIND!



WHEW! I WOULDN'T
WANT A RETAKE ON
THAT ONE!

FROM NOW ON
WE'LL LEAVE THE
SIDESHOW STUFF
TO CAPTAIN AERO!
HE KNOWS WHAT
HE'S DOING--AND
WE'VE GOT PLENTY
TO LEARN!



THE SKY SCOUTS COME UPON THE
WRECKED TRANSPORT--

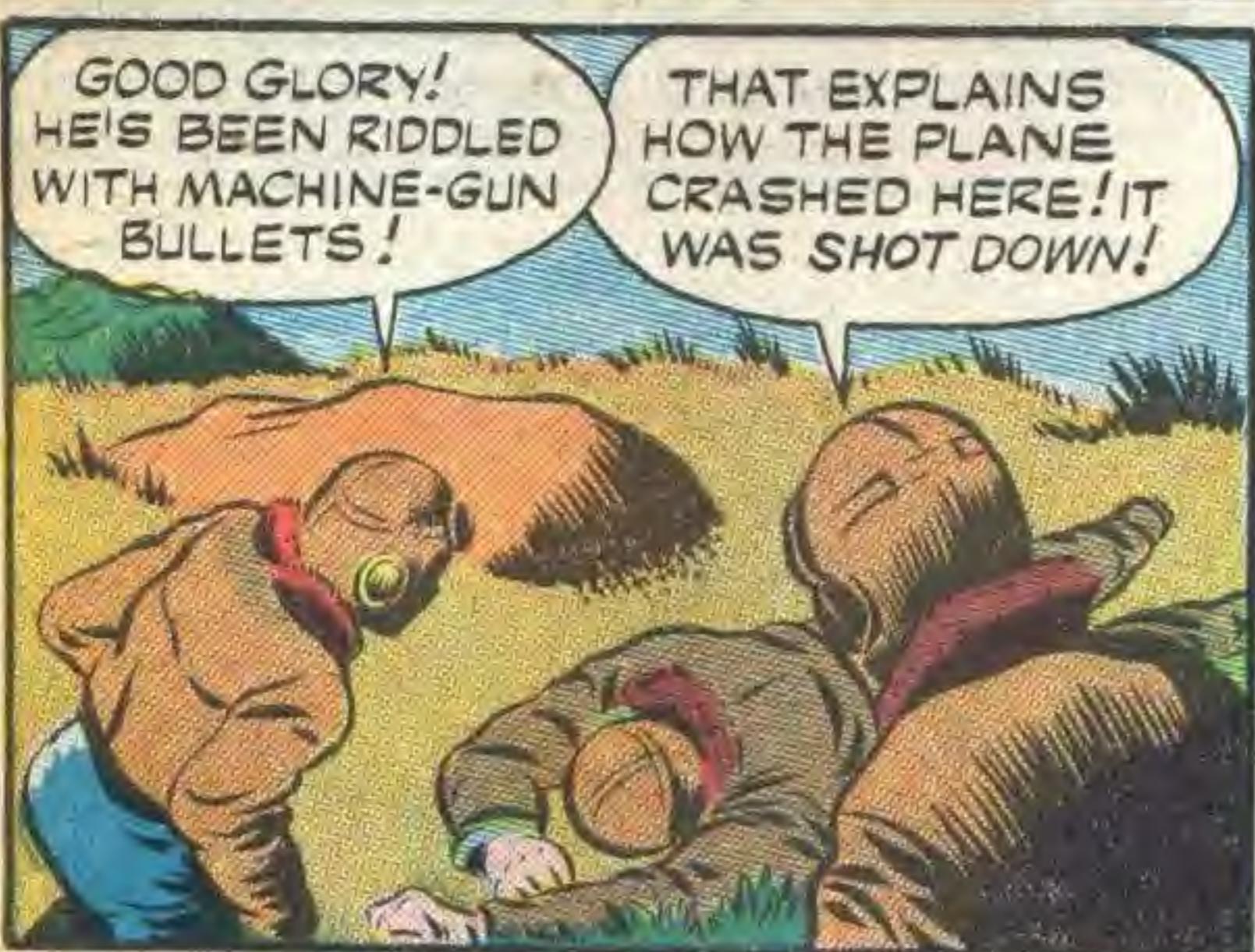
SOMETHING'S
QUEER! THE TRANSPORT
WAS HEADED NORTH!
IT SHOULDN'T HAVE
CRASHED ON THIS
SIDE OF THE
MOUNTAIN!

LOOK HERE,
JIMMY! THE
PILOT'S BEEN
SHOT!



GOOD GLORY!
HE'S BEEN RIDDLED
WITH MACHINE-GUN
BULLETS!

THAT EXPLAINS
HOW THE PLANE
CRASHED HERE! IT
WAS SHOT DOWN!



SUDDENLY THE ROAR OF A PLANE'S
MOTOR FILLS THE AIR...

RUN! IT'S A
JAP ZERO!



DOWN!
HE'S SHOOTING
AT US!

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!



THE DEATH
MASK INSIGNIA!
THAT'S THE PLANE
CAPTAIN AERO WAS
TELLING US ABOUT!



WITHIN THE COCKPIT OF
THE JAP PLANE....

HA-HAAA! TWO
MORE VICTIMS ADD-
ED TO MY DEATH
LIST! NONE SHALL
LIVE TO TELL OF
MY PRESENCE!

FOR ONCE, THE JAP PILOT IS WRONG!
BOBBY AND JIMMY ARE NOT DEAD,
THOUGH THEY HAD A CLOSE CALL...

A COUPLE OF
INCHES EITHER
WAY AND WE'D
HAVE BEEN
GONERS!

NEVER MIND THAT!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND
OUT WHERE THAT
JAP ZERO CAME
FROM!

HE'S
DISAPPEARED!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
A PLANE HAS TO HAVE
SOME KIND OF A BASE!
UNLESS IT'S A GHOST
PLANE!

A GHOST PLANE!
SAY, DO YOU
THINK-----?

DON'T BE
SILLY! THOSE
BULLETS HE
FIRED AT US
WERE REAL!

A DEADLY KILLER HOVERS IN
THE AIR ABOVE THE SKY SCOUTS!

SO! ANOTHER
PRIZE FOR MY
GUNS!

GUNS SCREAMING A SONG
OF DEATH, THE JAP DIVES
ON HIS PREY...

ONE DAZZLING MANEUVER
FOLLOWS ANOTHER AS THE
SKY SCOUTS TRY VAINLY TO
ELUDE THEIR PURSUER

I CAN'T
LOSE HIM!
HE'S THE BEST
PILOT I
EVER SAW!

LOOK
OUT! IT'S
THE
DEATH
PLANE!



STEADILY THE JAP ZERO,
PILOTED BY A MASTER HAND,
FORCES THE SKY SCOUTS TO-
WARD THE EDGE OF THE EXTINCT
KINLEY VOLCANO---

HE'S FORCING
US DOWN!

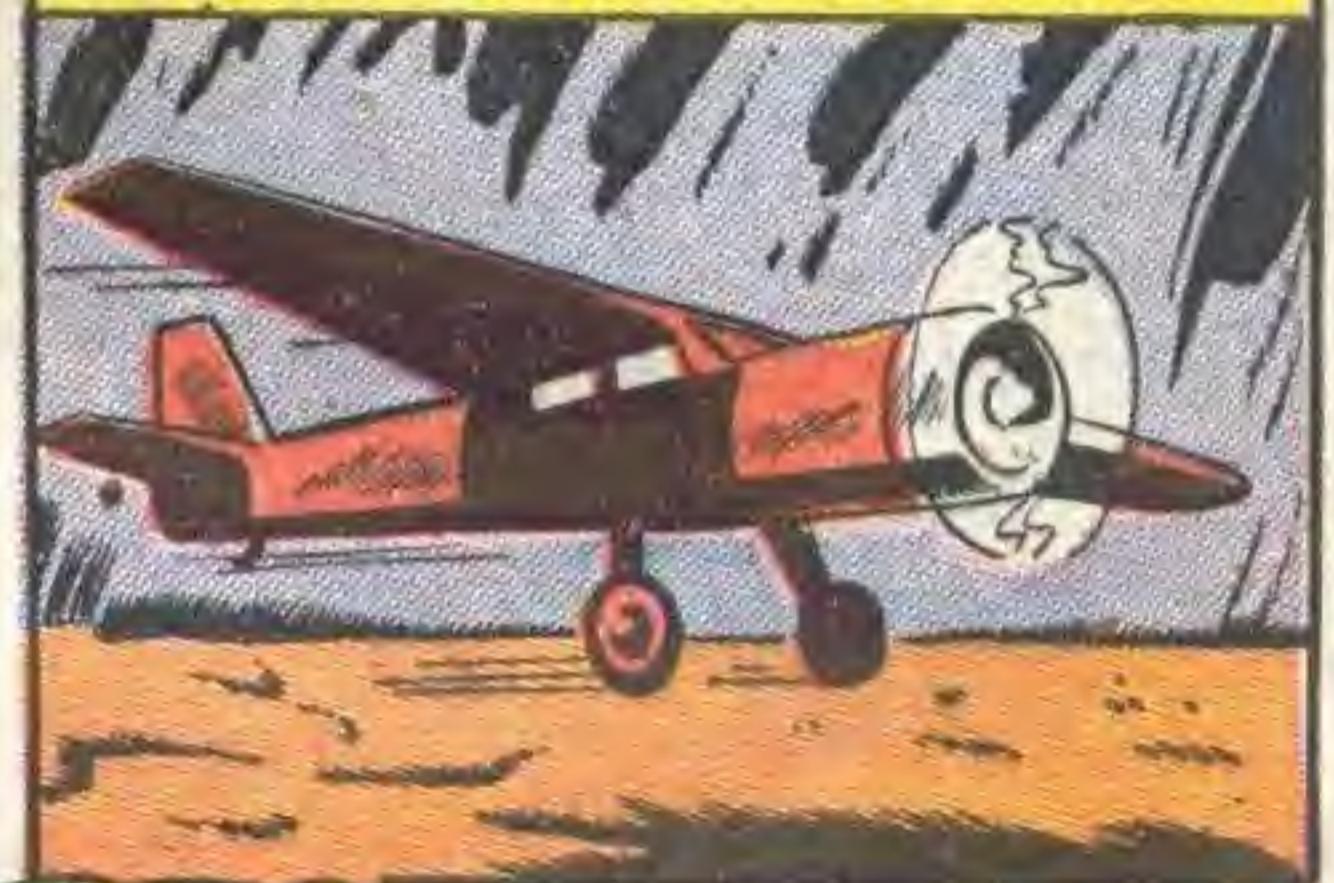


HE MUST BE
CRAZY! HE CAN'T
EXPECT US TO
LAND HERE!

YES, HE CAN! LOOK!
THAT LEDGE OF LAVA
ROCK WILL MAKE A
PERFECT RUNWAY!



DOWN INTO THE SHADOWED FAST-
NESS OF THE VOLCANIC CRATER
GLIDES THE SKY SCOUTS' PLANE...



MOMENTS LATER...

WE'RE YOUR
PRISONERS! WHAT
DO YOU WANT
OF US?

NOTHING--
FROM YOU! IT
IS YOUR PLANE
I WANT!



HOW
DID YOU
GET HERE?

I WAS LANDED BY SUB-
MARINE! THE PLANE AND ITS
SUPPLIES WERE WAITING
FOR ME! OUR AGENTS
BROUGHT THE NECESS-
ARY PARTS, AND
PIECED THEM TO-
GETHER BEFORE
THE WAR!



HERE IN THIS
CRATER I AM SAFE
FROM PRYING EYES!
I CAN RAID YOUR
TRANSPORT PLANES
AND SHOOT THEM
DOWN WITHOUT WARN-
ING! BUT I WILL
BE EVEN SAFER
WHEN IT IS
YOUR PLANE
THAT I FLY!



YOU SEE, WE
JAPANESE PREPARE
FOR EVERYTHING!



EVEN AS JIMMY LEAPS FORWARD TO AVENGE HIS PAL, A ROAR FILLS THE ECHOING CRATER...



LIKE TWO DEADLY WINGED BIRDS, THE TWO ENEMIES CIRCLE EACH OTHER WITHIN THE NARROW CRATER...

NOW I KILL CAPTAIN AERO AND WIPE OUT THE STAIN OF DISHONOR! NO MAN CAN BEAT ME TWICE IN COMBAT!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE TWO PLANES NARROWLY MISS COLLIDING AS THE TWO MASTER PILOTS STRUGGLE VAINLY FOR ADVANTAGE! AT LAST CAPTAIN AERO DIVES FOR THE CRATER AND ZOOMS SHARPLY UPWARD!



THERE HE GOES! DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE VOLCANO!



LATER, AT AN AMERICAN AIR FORCE FIELD...

YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BOBBY?

THAT BULLET DETOURED OFF A RIB! IT WAS A CLOSE CALL--IF YOU HADN'T SHOWN UP, HE'D HAVE KILLED JIMMY AND ME! HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM?



I KNEW HE WAS IN AMERICA! A RADIO OPERATOR ON ONE OF THE LOST SHIPS BROADCAST HIS DESCRIPTION WHEN HE ATTACKED THEM! THAT'S WHY I WAS TRANSFERRED FROM THE PACIFIC! MY ORDERS WERE TO FIND AND DESTROY HIM!

SO WE WERE BOTH LOOKING FOR THE SAME MAN! ONLY YOU FOUND HIM FIRST!

IT WAS NEARLY THE LAST THING WE EVER DID! THAT JAP WAS REALLY GOOD!

LUCKY FOR US THAT CAPTAIN AERO WAS BETTER!



THE END

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MADE IN U.S.A.

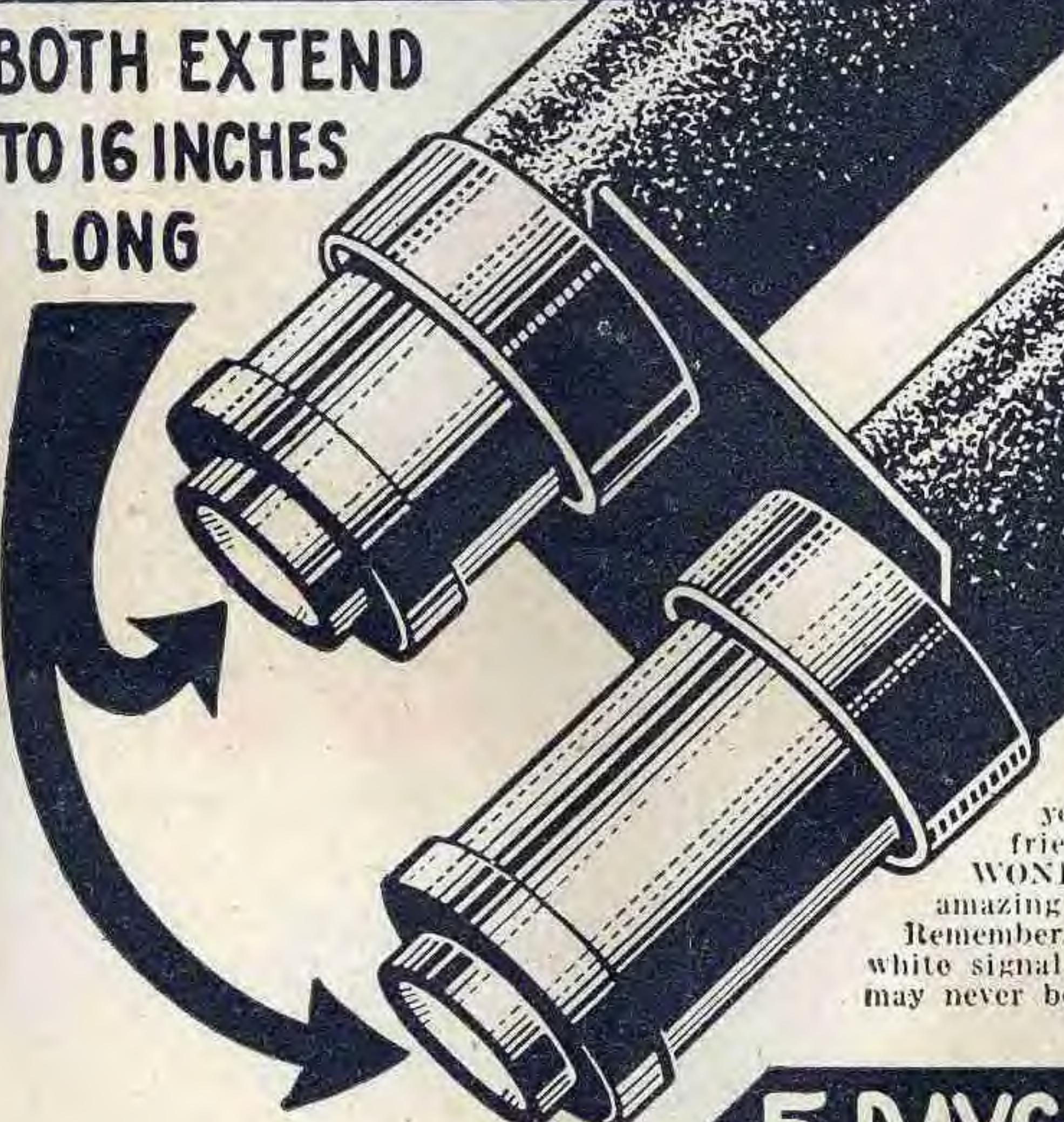
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5 POWER FOR SHORT RANGE-10 POWER FOR EXTRA MILEAGE

BOTH EXTEND
TO 16 INCHES
LONG

BRINGS OBJECTS
FAR AWAY CLEARLY
CLOSE TO YOUR EYE



Here's a sensational new invention! Here's a scientific instrument that we have never before made available! The WONDERSCOPE is 2 beautiful telescopes in 1. Yes, 2 separate telescopes, one 10 power for very long range and one 5 power for medium distances. Think of the things that you can do with this wonderful new precision device that solves the mysteries of distance. You can now see your friends from far away and know what they are doing. You can see airplanes in the sky as if they were on the ground. You can see sporting events, birds, ships, the moon, etc. If you have a friend who lives some distance from your house he can signal you from his room and you will see him just as if you were there. You will actually be able to see 10 times as far as you can see now. Think of it—actually 10 times! The WONDERSCOPE has a patented, accurate distance measuring device. You can look at any object and your WONDERSCOPE will tell you just how far away it is. You can have real fun with your signal flags too. Play war with a friend. Have him be the "Advance Observation Post Officer", or the Captain of "Destroyer X". He can go even as far as a mile away and signal you with flags. Looking through your WONDERSCOPE, you will know exactly what he is telling you. You can be the envy of all your friends. You can be the first to have this amazing WONDERSCOPE, if you act now. Remember, the WONDERSCOPE is 2 telescopes in 1, one 5 power and one 10 power. It has never been sold at this amazing price. The WONDERSCOPE is made in America and has genuine ground and polished glass lenses. Remember, too, that with every WONDERSCOPE we give you absolutely free of extra charge 2 big red and white signal flags, complete wig wag flag code instruction, and dot-and-dash Morse code instruction. This offer may never be repeated, so order yours now! Send the coupon today!

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